





NOW  
SHOWING

★ KINGS ★

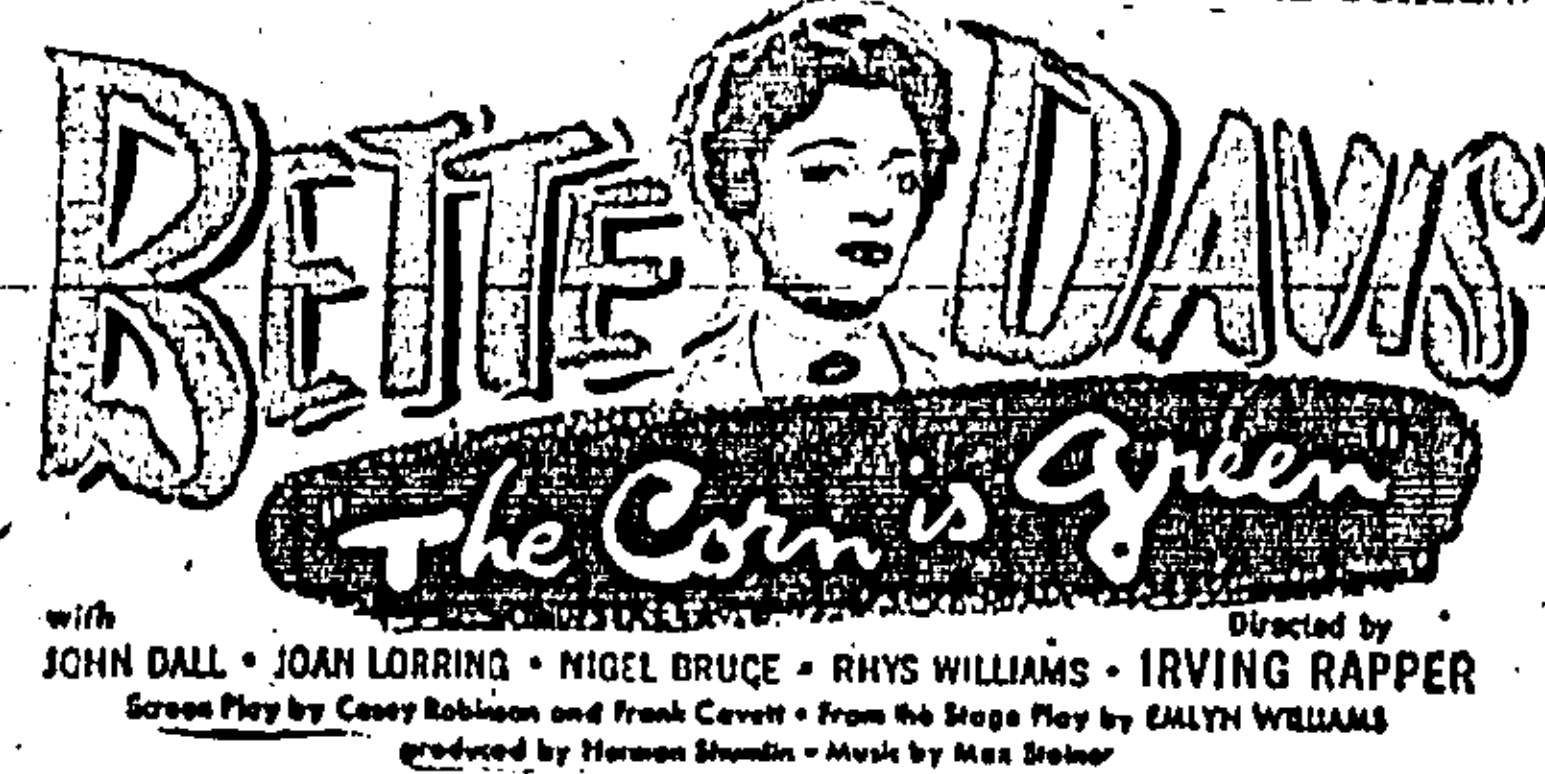
At 2.30, 5.10,  
7.15 & 9.15 p.m.

ADDED: LATEST METRO-NEWS

CENTRAL &amp; ALHAMBRA

DAILY AT 2.30 5.10 7.15 9.15 P.M. DAILY AT 2.30 5.10 7.15 9.15 P.M.  
CENTRAL: Extra Performance at 12.30 P.M.

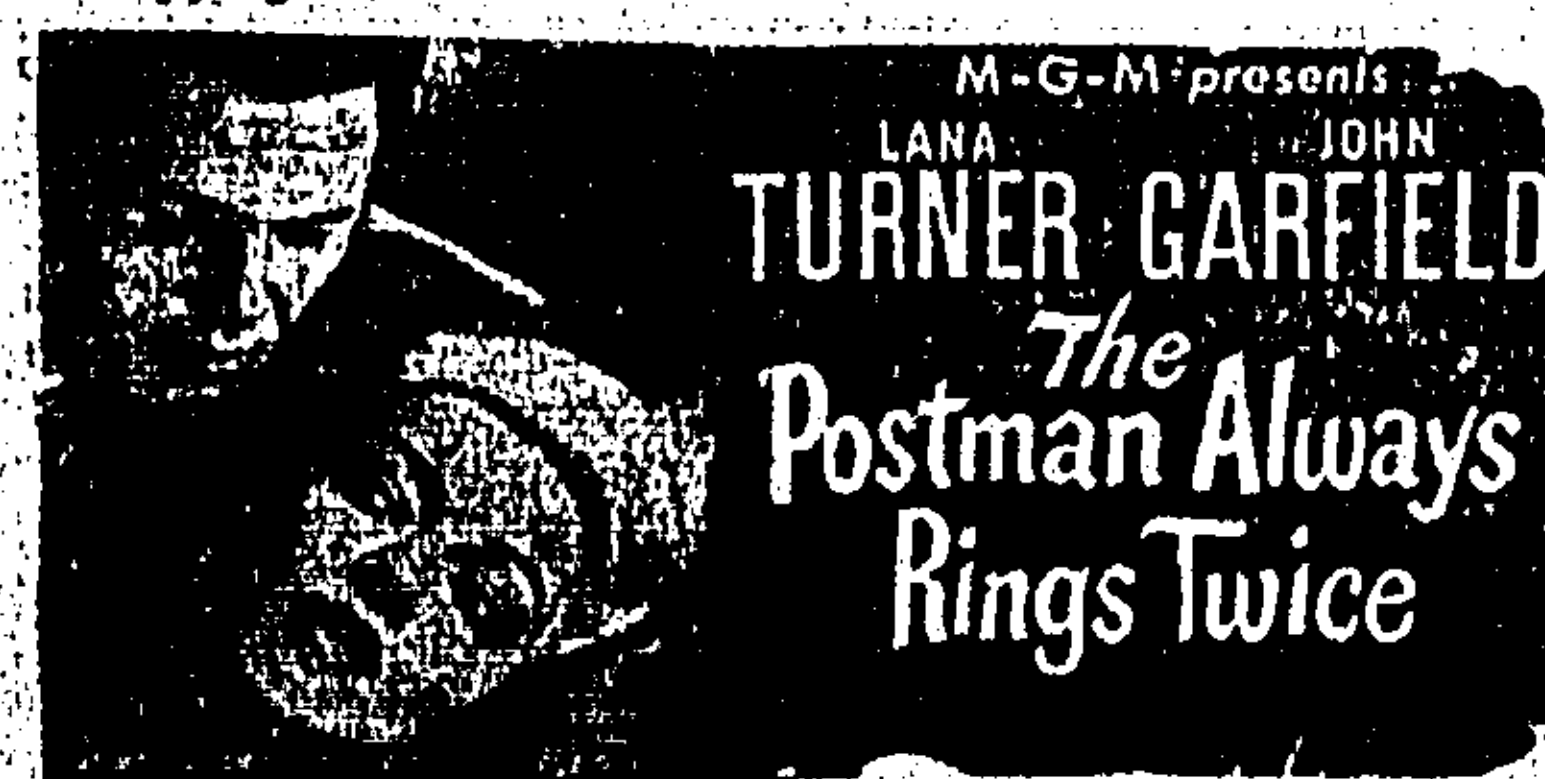
WARNER BROS. BRING THAT GREAT PLAY TO THE SCREEN!

SHOWING  
TO-DAY

MAJESTIC

At 2.30, 5.20,  
7.20 & 9.20 p.m.

ORIENTAL

COMMENCING TO-DAY: 2.30-5.15-7.15-9.15 P.M.  
Gripping ACTION with ROMANTIC Great Stars!

## THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL

(Anti-Nazi German prisoners returning from Britain were so badly abused by German officials at the discharge camp in Wurttemberg that an American officer had to be assigned to protect them.)

Sitting on the Fence  
by NATHANIEL GUBBINS

No doubt it is fortunate for English literature that Walt Disney is going to make a Hollywood version of Alice in Wonderland. If any of his pitiful imitators had tried it the rough script for the Mad Tea Party might have read like this:—

## ALICE IN WONDERLAND

By HOMER F. SCHONK, HIRAM P. SHUNK, OTIS B. SHINK, and

LEWIS CARROLL.

There is a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Mad Hatter are having tea at it; a Dormouse sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two are using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it and talking over its head. The table is a large one, but the three are all crowded together at one corner of it. "No room, no room," they cry out when they see Alice coming. "Get outa here, will you?"

"Don't give me that stuff. There's plenty room," says Alice, who is a little bit bobby soxer with a mean line in her cheeks. Alice sits down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

"Have some wine," says the March Hare in an encouraging tone. "I don't see no wine," says Alice. "That's because there ain't none," says the March Hare. "Smart guy, huh?" says Alice. "Yeah, mebbe," says the March Hare.

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter, who had been staring at Alice for some time with great curiosity.

"Well, how do you like that?" asks Alice. "I don't like it," says the Hatter. "Well, you don't have to make personal remarks about it," says Alice, "because it's rude."

THE Hatter opens his eyes wide at this, but all he says is "Why is a raven like a writing desk?" "Greece," says Alice, "have I run into a kid's quiz?" "Do you mean to say you know the answer?" asks the March Hare. "Guess I could find out," says Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," says the March Hare. "I do," says Alice, "or anyways, I mean what I say, which is the same thing."

"It certainly ain't!" says the Hatter. "O.K., smarty," says Alice. "It ain't."

"You might as well say," says the Hatter, "that I see what I eat is the same as 'I eat what I see.'"

"You might as well say," says the March Hare, "I like what I get. Is the same as 'I get what I like.'"

"You might as well say," says the Dormouse, "that I breathe when I sleep is the same as 'I sleep when I breathe.'"

"The conversation has certainly reached a pretty high level," says Alice, drumming her fingers on the table. "Some of you professors ought to be lecturing in college."

THERE is a short silence during which the Hatter takes his watch out of his pocket, shakes it and holds it to his ear.

"What day of the month is it?" he asks Alice.

Alice considers a little and says "The fourth."

"Two days wrong," sighs the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works," he adds, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the best butter," the March Hare cracks back.

"And darn lucky to get it at two dollars a pound," says Alice.

THE Dormouse is asleep again, and says the Hatter, pouring a little hot tea on its nose. Then, turning to Alice, he asks: "Have you guessed the riddle yet?"

"No, I give it up," says Alice. "Why can't the answer, anyway?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," says the Hatter.

"Not me," says the March Hare. "Say," asks Alice, "what's the big idea, wasting time asking riddles that have no answers?"

"You shouldn't talk about wasting time," says the Hatter.

"You shouldn't talk at all," says Alice.

"If you keep on good terms with Time," says the Hatter, "you can do what you like with him. For instance, suppose it was nine o'clock in the morning, just in time to begin lessons..."

"Come up and see me sometime," says Alice, "and talk me to sleep."

"You'd only have to whisper a hint to Time," continues the Hatter, "and round goes the clock and wham—it's half after one, time for dinner."

"Lunch," says Alice.

"Dinner for working guys like us," says the Hatter, "and lunch for little Fifth Avenue smarties like you."

"You don't have to get fresh," says Alice, "and who wants lunch at nine o'clock, anyway?"

"Only a hog or a Middle West farmer, which is the same thing," says the Hatter, "but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you like."

"Is that the way you manage?" asks Alice.

"Oh, no," says the Hatter, "Me and Time quarrelled last March—just before he went mad, you know!" (pointing with his spoon at the March Hare).

"It was at the concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing."

"Twinkle, twinkle, movie star. You know the song maybe?"

"Sounds like a noo number to me," says Alice.

"Then it goes on," says the Hatter.

"Round and round the world you fly."

"Looking for publicit—I."

"Well," continued the Hatter, "I'd hardly finished the first verse, when the Queen bawled out, 'He's murdering the tune. Off with his head.'"

"Don't sound like you live in a democracy," says Alice.

"And ever since then," says the Hatter, "Time won't do a thing I ask. It's always six o'clock now."

"Well, blow me down," says Alice, "is that why so many tea things are put out here?"

"You said it, honey."

"So you just keep moving around, I suppose," says Alice.

"You certainly are a smart kid, Alice," says the Hatter.

"What happens when you come to the beginning again?" asks Alice.

"I told you she was smart," says the Hatter.

"LET'S change the subject," says the March Hare. "I vote the young lady tells us a story."

"Don't know any bedtime ones," says Alice.

"Then the Dormouse shall," shout the Hatter and the March Hare. "Hey, wake up, Dormouse!"

They pinch the Dormouse on both sides at once. The Dormouse slowly opens his eyes.

"I wasn't asleep," he says, "I heard every word you guys was saying."

"Tell us a story," says the March Hare.

"Get crackin'," says the Hatter. "Make it snappy," says Alice.

"O.K., O.K.," says the Dormouse in a great hurry. "Once upon a time there was three little girls and their names was Cutie, Tootle, and Froolie..."

"What was their line?" asks Alice.

"A sister act?"

"They didn't have no act," says the Dormouse.

"They lived at the bottom of a well," says Alice.

"I'll say that's an act," says Alice. "What did they live on?"

"Treacle," says the Dormouse.

"They must have been mighty sick," says Alice.

"I'll say they was sick," says the Dormouse.

"Why did they live at the bottom of a well?" Alice persists.

"It was a treacle well," replies the Dormouse helplessly.

"Keep on talking, brother," says Alice. "I can hardly wait for the tea-off."

"And they was learning to draw," says the Dormouse.

"Yeah," says Alice, "and they was learning to draw what?"

"Treacle," says the Dormouse.

"My, my," says Alice. "So they was learning to draw treacle? Huh!"

"I want a clean cup," interrupts the Hatter. "Let's move one place on."

When they have moved round, Alice returns to the subject.

"And where did they draw the treacle from?" she asks.

"You can draw water out of a water well," says the Hatter.

"For the love of Mike," says Alice, getting mad. Then, turning to the Dormouse she says coaxingly, "What else did they draw?"

"Everything that begins with N," says the Dormouse.

"Why N?" asks Alice.

"Why not?" asks the Hatter.

Alice is silent after this crack and the Dormouse is asleep again. But the Hatter pinches him and he wakes with a little shriek.

"Everything that begins with N," goes on the Dormouse, "such as noodles, nyons and noo potatoes, and, and..."

"Nuts," says Alice.

"Yeah, and nuts too, I guess," says the Dormouse.

"Nuts is right," says Alice, "and if I stick around this place, much longer I shall go screwy myself. Let's get outa here."

## SAFEGUARD OF THE VETO

By J. M. ROBERTS

EVERY time the Russians use the veto in the United Nations Security Council, other nations begin to fume again as though it were a private device invented in Moscow to prevent postwar world co-operation.

It isn't, but the politicians have messed around with it so much that people get confused.

Chances are, as the result, a lot of them would vote if they were given an opportunity to have the veto power abolished. Yet the United Nations veto is the weapon forged specifically by the Americans for the defence of America. Without it there would have been no United Nations, because the United States Senate could not have approved the charter.

Without it the have-nots could vote America into most any position they desired. They could declare war in the name of the United States without consent of the Congress. They could vote that United States possession of the atom bomb, a menace to peace and take it over without giving America any guarantees in return.

That is they could, if the United States didn't pull out of the United Nations first.

Theoretically, it was to have been the last ditch device for use only in such possible circumstances as those mentioned above.

But the charter doesn't say that. Each major power is left to decide what is vital to it and to veto accordingly.

As a matter of fact, it is hard to find a difference in the principle between the Russian use of the veto and the United States position when the Pacific Islands trusteeship was under discussion.

America told the United Nations what it was going to do to that area and said it would submit to trusteeship on those terms and rejected the amendments with the threat to withdraw the trusteeship offer and to do as she pleased with the islands.

The trouble in the Security Council is that it was designed to work under the rule of unanimity among nations which trust each other—and they just don't.

Another basic trouble is that the nations are not yet willing to make the sacrifices necessary to accomplish what they set out to do—ensure peace.

If they had been, there would be a clause in the charter saying that war is completely impermissible and that they each agree to throw every ounce of its strength into the field immediately against any one who backslides on that point for any reason.

Lacking that insurance against aggression, national defence and national sovereignty still take precedence over everything else—and veto is their name.—Associated Press.

BY THE WAY  
by Beachcomber

REPORTERS at Waggle Mimsie Sopcorner whether she was looking forward to travelling faster than sound.

Mimsie replied: "I do so think that everybody is most kind. It isn't every girl who is lucky enough to go faster than sound, much less to the moon. I do so think it's the dawn of a new era, I always say."

Asked when he expected to start, Dr. Strablemus (Whom Doc Preserve) of Utrecht replied: "It depends on the currents in the upper air. A high wind at an altitude of, say, nineteen miles, will not counteract the pull of gravity. I have therefore fitted Ulepla with self-rotatory gages to enable us to sidle the accumulated pockets of stationary air in the wind's wake. Transverse cloud-formations will be artificially dispersed by blasts of heat from an exhaust-pipe groined into the forward galbules."

The zinc-detector

THE Doctor spends most of his time among his delicate scientific instruments. These include a kind of tuning-fork with curved ends, which is so sensitive to zinc that small bubbles appear on its surface at a distance of 40 feet from a zinc slab. As each bubble dries, it leaves a dry blob of froth-like substance on the tuning fork. Transferred

Amazing results

BY refraining from asking string-vendors how much string-ratoning began, the Ministry of Bubbleblowing has proved that every adult in England has saved five standard yards of string in two weeks. This is equivalent to 1,040,891 man-hours, and does not include twine, rope or coarse threads, which are dealt with separately by the Board of Co-operation. The figure can be made even higher by assuming that every baby saved (by not calling) one ounce of string per day during the period under review. So vast is the amount of string saved that the Government can now abolish string-ratoning.

Cheep, cheep

In singing sincerity is not enough. (Music Critic.)

WHEN a massive soprano sings "I would I were a little bird," does she wish she were as ardently as her audience does?

A goldfinch, perhaps? Not she. No little goods for her, but red meat and seed bottled alo in the weighing room.

## NANCY Serves You Right, Sluggo!



By Ernie Bushmiller

When You Feel Tired and Restless take Elliotts Nerve and Brain Tonic On Sale at All Dispensaries



## Women

### BEAUTY ARTS

By LOIS LEEDS



Posed by Janis Page for Lois Leeds.

Lois Leeds gives you news of Spring makeup and styles!

#### STAR SHINE!

For that clean-cut lip outline Janis Page uses a long-stemmed brush. She tips it with lipstick and does an outline, then she "fills in" with short up and down strokes with the brush. Janis is now playing in the Warner Bros. picture, "The Time, The Place and The Girl."

**Hair and Hat!** Thelma Altman, famous Metropolitan Opera star, wears an up-swept hairdo to complement her hat of veiling and ruffles, worn tipped forward. Hair and Hat must go together say the designers and the stars!

**Gloves!** This coming Spring will see long gloves and short sleeves. Your gloves must match your accessories, your hat or your lipstick. A lovely fashion and very flattering to Arms and the Woman!

**Makeup Fashion!** The makeup fashions for this Spring are especially delicate and beautiful. Powders are in the softest skin tones, makeup that is just a "blush" for the cheeks and a "rose" for the mouth. So, be sure to choose pretty things for the Spring and pretty makeup to harmonize.

**Hair Tips!** Marie Clark, the hair stylist for the stars in the picture, "The Best Years of Our Lives," Myrna Loy, Teresa Wright and Virginia Mayo—has this to say about culture fashions for the coming year. "The page-boy, bob is as

## FLOWERS VEILING, FEATHERS

By Dorothy Russell

The chapeaux that bloom in the spring-aria could be Gilbert and Sullivan's song this year.

Flowers and veiling, bows and feathers are back in the millinery running with a vengeance. You'll be peeking under, over and sideways at public functions now, trying to get around these hats. Brims are up in front, curled or sweeping at the sides, large and small.

They range from cartwheel and the new coupe-style shapes, to small marquis and peek-a-boo bonnets. There are some Napoleon cornet brims, lots of cup and sailor shapes and picture hats. There are toques and Juliette caps for evening wear, as well as spris and mantillas.

They are made of everything you can imagine—not only straw and felt, but organdie, feathers, veiling, materials that match dresses, lace and sequins.

Legroux sister, swanky Paris milliners, combine straw and felt in a large yellow hat, with off the face felt brim and deep straw crown. At the back, a long goose feather sticks out slant-ways.

#### Yellow Orchids For Trim

An attractive colour scheme is achieved by covering the crown of a large or small hat with brown veiling. A spray of yellow orchids adorns the front.

In many of the wider-brimmed hats, side dents occur, giving grace to the face contours. A large black straw hat has dents on either side emphasised by side-veiling tied in a bow on the crown. Flat and shallow crowns are also popular. A honey coloured picture hat, worn slant-wise, has a round pork-pie crown. This is trimmed with a water-green velvet band.—United Press.

## SIDE GLANCES

By Galbraith



"The only thing I can suggest is that you take them to some other studio and have a movie made of them!"

## ACQUIRED FOR NATION



Cotchete House, near Plymouth, reputed to be one of the oldest houses in continuous occupation in England and one of the best preserved mediaeval mansions in the West Country, has been acquired by the Nation from Lord Mount Edgcumbe who is leaving in the house his rare collection of late Stuart and early Georgian furniture on loan to the National Trust. The house dates from the twelfth century or earlier.

## A Correspondent At Large In Moscow

By R. H. SHACKFORD

I was the first press correspondent to arrive in Moscow for the Foreign Ministers' meeting and had a chance to wander around and see a bit of the city before the conference started. I was torn in interest between the city, its art, people, customs, and the sight of Muscovites "scrubbing" the city like a mother does her child in preparation for the arrival of company.

Major impressions at this time of the year are the great cold, high prices, and—like most other European capitals—shortages of nearly everything—housing, food, transportation, materials and labour.

Moscow is probably the most overcrowded city in the whole world, with long queues day and night for buses and tremendous crowds pushing into marble-lined stations.

I flew in by plane from Stockholm, changing to a Soviet plane at Helsinki. Soviet pilots used the standard flying procedure, but did not pay any heed to safety belts. Luggage was mostly placed in vacant seats. The Customs officer at Leningrad was the most courteous and apologetic I have ever encountered. The Customs hardly looked at the luggage, and required the opening of only one piece, without inspecting anything.

On arrival in Moscow, the In-tourist (Soviet Tourist Bureau) look cheerful, arranging room, ration coupons for meals, etc. But even so the visitor is in for many surprises, unusual experiences, language difficulties, shocks at high costs and laughs.

#### Street Scenes

The following are the highlights of my first days in Moscow from my diary:

Tuesday—Breakfast at the Metropolitan for 13 roubles 60. Onelette with sour cream, dark bread and a large bun, two large slices of butter, two pieces of Swiss cheese, a pot of tea. Hundreds of workmen were busy early renovating hotel, installing new light fixtures, carpets, plumbing, paint and repairing revolving door entrance. Women were pasting paper around windows to keep out the wind.

In hour's walk in Sverdlov, Menzh and Red Squares, hundreds of men and women removing snow. The men direct operations and operate snow machines while the women shovel snow into trucks. I tried to get into Lenin's tomb but was stopped by an excited guard who finally conveyed that it was closed and wrote on a piece of paper, "503-15".

The people look cold despite heavy coats, fur-caps, shawls and felt knee boots, and after an hour's walk I realised how the cold penetrates. A rationed luncheon at 40 roubles with caviar, soup, turkey, potatoes, cake and coffee. This was at the foreign press table of the Metropolitan Hotel. No rationed meals yet but prices are high.

#### Best Food Shop

Wednesday—Visited Metro station, Sverdlov Square, with its marble slides crowded even at mid-morning. I was struck by statuary along the entrances, sports figures and ones of

Lenin and Stalin... everything in the subway was very plush. Trains were quieter, stations cleaner than any of New York's.

Cock Street stores all have new window displays. It is the chief shopping district.

Gastronomie Number One—best food shop in Moscow—startles even the eyes of an American with its great varieties of fruit, cheese, meats, canned foods, dairy products, wines and liquors. But prices—a can of Libby's pineapple juice was 70 roubles, a bottle of vodka 80 roubles and 90 roubles. It is a "commercial" store where no ration coupons are needed, but where prices are much higher than stores where ration coupons are required. The Soviet can buy in either if he is willing to pay the higher price. Gastronomie Number One was jam-packed with people and the meat counter was just a mass of pushing customers.

#### Check Your Coat

I learned the mandatory way to check one's coat before entering many places. I wanted some tea while waiting for baggage at the airport. Inside the temperature was low enough to see one's breath, but I was firmly told, no check coat no tea.

Soviet Army chorus at Tchaikovsky Hall, a beautiful elliptical hall done in ivory with comfortable chairs. A capacity audience which warmed up most to light, humorous songs. A hundred singers, 75 in the orchestra and about 50 dancers. The performance more than fulfilled my expectations, but I couldn't get up to cheer. The audience boomed when it was pleased and the gallery cheered for encores.—United Press.

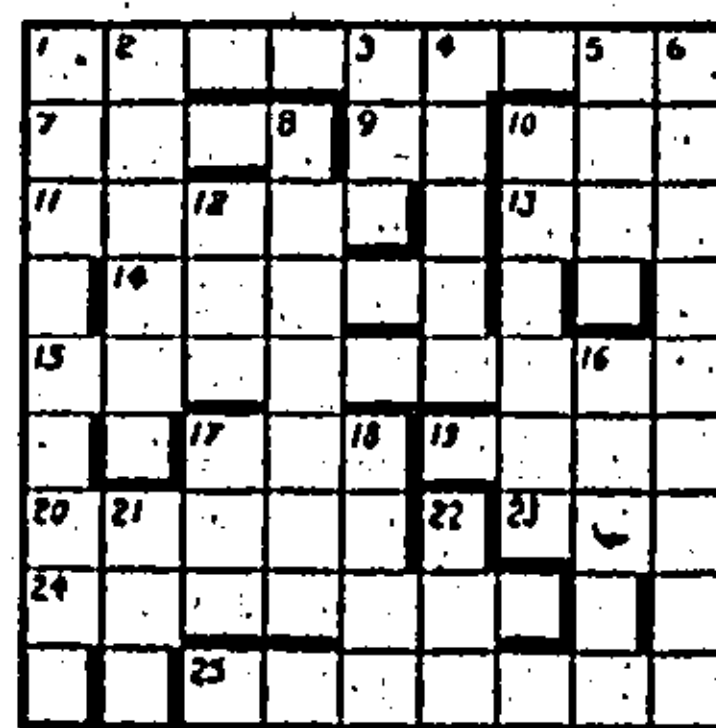
#### Rupert & the New Pal—24



Rupert assures George, no tortoise, that he is quite safe to go on and that he and Bill will protect him. So the little party moves along the side of the road. George is thrilled by everything he sees, but their progress is very, very slow, and at length Rupert and Bill stop and face each other. This isn't going to be much of an outing, whispers the little bear. "At this speed it will take us all afternoon to reach the end of the bridge. We must think of some way to show George more of the world than that."

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## CROSSWORD



Across  
1 and 5. Its union of sound is appreciated by listeners. (8)  
7. In a way, Harold and I combine to greet. (4)  
9. Propriety. (4)  
10. It follows men you may get wise counsel. (3)  
11. What change for a start? (5)  
12. Evidence of car breaking here. (4)  
13. Arms outward bent. (6)  
14. End. (3)  
15. It's colloquially its in return. (3)  
16. She will know to Express readers. (4)

Down  
1. Thorns had a way of writing it seems. (6)  
2. Cities of the New England States of America. (6)  
3. In the P.O. it comes from a negative. (4)  
4. Cause of many tears. (5)  
5. See olden days. (4)  
6. See Across.  
8. It's a small rodent. (7)  
9. Flouting and being periodically. (4)  
10. Courtesy title. (3)  
11. Flouting and being periodically. (4)  
12. Courtesy title. (3)  
13. A basin that we have heard a lot about in past years. (4)  
14. To be round this would be a colony. (3)  
15. Away for a change. (5)

Solution of Saturday's puzzle.—Across: 1. Peace; 2. Yale; 3. Nobel; 4. Corporal; 5. Peace; 6. Peace; 7. Peace; 8. Peace; 9. Peace; 10. Peace; 11. Peace; 12. Peace; 13. Peace; 14. Peace; 15. Peace; 16. Peace; 17. Peace; 18. Peace; 19. Peace; 20. Peace; 21. Peace; 22. Peace; 23. Peace; 24. Peace.



## WINDOW ON THE WORLD

#### THUNDERBOLT

Lusaka, Rhodesia:—Lightning struck a herd of 70 cattle near here and killed 62 animals outright, also impaling a native herder on the horns of one of them.

#### "ROMMEL'S" TOMBSTONE

Brussels:—One of Monty's faithful companions from Normandy to the Baltic was a spaniel he called "Rommel." The dog died during the campaign and was buried in the grounds of a country house at Zonhoven. Someone removed the tombstone, but the local population will defray the cost of a new one.

#### SLIPPERY SIMONE

Paris:—Simone is 19, blonde and pretty. She is also a clever pick-pocket. Not long ago she was arrested at a luxury hotel on the Riviera when a porter noticed she returned late each evening with dirty hands. Since then she has slipped police guards three times—giving them more trouble than a hardened criminal.

#### SNAKE NURSERY

Johannesburg:—Because so many people have been bitten by snakes this year, a special snake farm is being started in Natal to provide more venom for making anti-snake-bite serum. It will have breeding cages, a hatchery, a nursery for young reptiles and a special pond for breeding frogs for food.

#### MOUNTIES MISSED

Montreal:—Once the Mounties did not get their man. The federal public accounts reveal a write-off of 2,500 yards of gabardine valued at £1,400 stolen in 1945. The Red Coats went after the thief—but they missed.

#### CANADIAN IMMIGRATION

Ottawa:—Canada will open the door to married relatives of Canadians in Britain and Europe as soon as ships are available and the housing crisis is solved—but probably not before 1948, immigration officials state.

#### IT'S AN ILL WIND

Melbourne:—A Chinese bosun of a British ship was murdered in a car recently and British born Mrs Isabel Luck read of a man on the ship of the dead "oriental" called Reavely. That was her maiden name. She phoned the ship and found her brother whom she hadn't seen for 25 years. Now he will move to Australia with four daughters.

#### YANKEE GADGETS

New York:—While motor car manufacturers are too busy to change car designs, they are making up in gadgets. One car has an electric razor which plugs into the cigarette lighter outlet. Another has a whistle which goes off to remind the driver his hand brake is still on. Another has colourful window awnings to keep out the sun.

#### HEIGHT OF SOMETHING

Miami:—Florida is famous for its advertising of sunny days. One big newspaper even gives its entire issue away if raindrops arrive. When snow and ice can't to the famed winter resort recently, they published the fact that "Even winter spends the winter in Florida."

#### MORE JEEP HISTORY

Holland:—For the first time in its history, Marken, famous islet in the Zuider Zee, most frequented by tourists, saw a motor car in its narrow streets when an American officer drove his jeep over ice from Volendam and with skillful manoeuvring—managed to make a four through the small village.

#### JUMPED INTO GAOL

Oslo:—Charles Hoff, former world's record holder of the pole vault, has been sentenced to nine years' imprisonment for collaboration.

#### YOUTH EFFORT

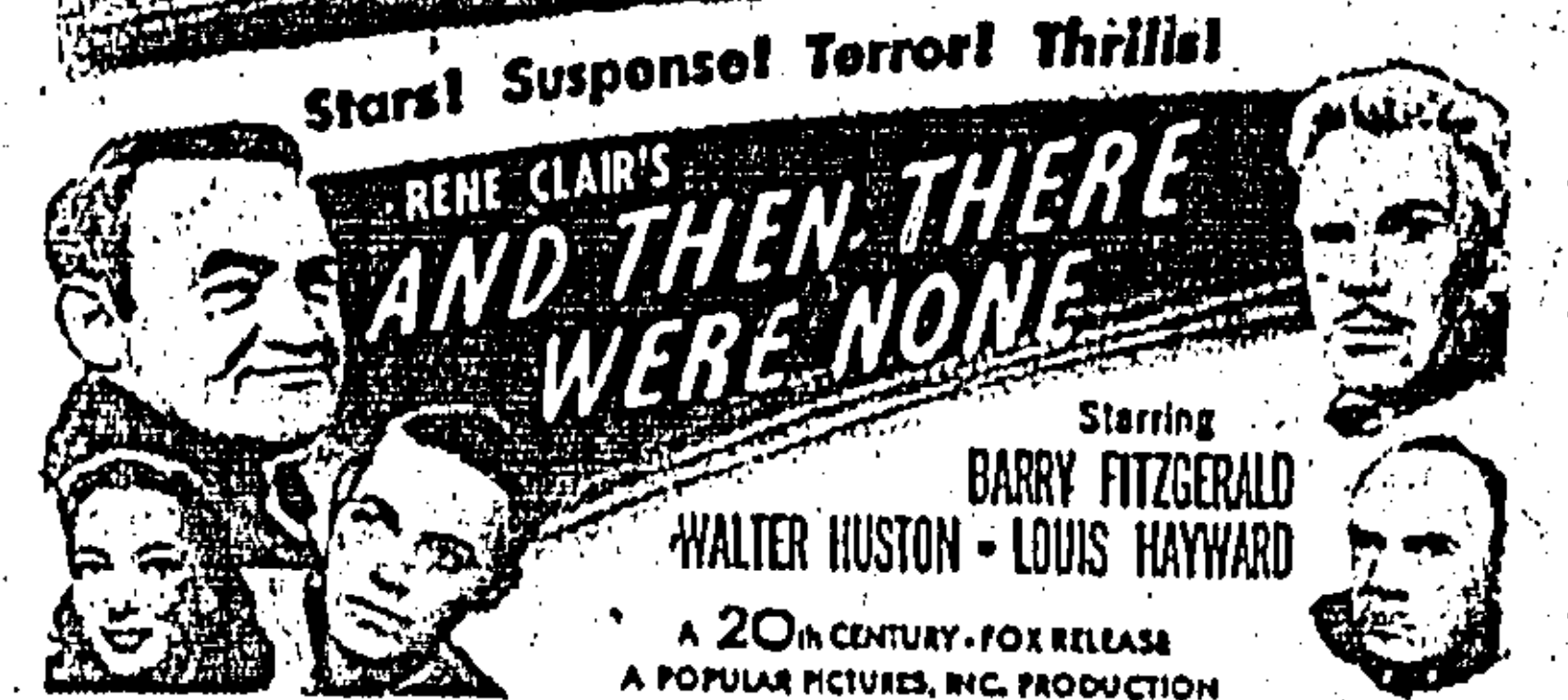
Berlin:—A selected number of German boys, whose past is untainted by the Hitler Youth Movement, may this year attend schools in England to learn the democratic working of British youth organisations first hand.

#### POTASH DEPOSIT

Regina:—Potash, essential for fertilizers and explosives, has been found in abundance for the first time in Canada, 100 miles north of Saskatoon. The discovery is of the same relative international importance as uranium.

SHOWING TO-DAY **QUEEN'S** At 2.30, 5.15, 7.15 & 9.15 p.m.

The 'PERFECT CRIME' picture... with the 'PERFECT' cast!



NEXT CHANGE! Thundering from the skies! IN THRILLING TECHNICOLOR **"THUNDERBIRDS"**

## LEE THEATRE

TOWN BOOKING OFFICE W. HAKING & CO. ALEXANDRA BLDG. GR. FL. BETWEEN 11.00 A.M. AND 6.00 P.M. DAILY

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Rex HARRISON • Lilli PALMER in

## "THE RAKES PROGRESS"

NEXT CHANGE

THE MUSICAL THAT OUTSTRIPS THEM IN!

Betty CRABLE • Dick HAYMES in

## "DIAMOND HORSESHOE"

IN TECHNICOLOR.

## KOWLOON CRICKET CLUB

presents:—

## "WORM'S EYE VIEW"

ON FRIDAY, 11TH, SATURDAY, 12TH AND SATURDAY, 19TH OF APRIL.

BOOKINGS AT MOUTRIE'S AND THE CLUB.

TRUTH DRUG EVIDENCE ADMITTED

CLEANING UP BERLIN'S BLACK MARKET

Truth drug evidence was "admitted" recently, probably for the first time in a British civil court, by Mr Justice Denning in the King's Bench Division—although he questioned its reliability.

Anti-black market spies are operating on a wide scale in an effort to curb Berlin's lucrative black markets, says Associated Press.

As a result the black marketeers have become more secretive and careful.

Police raids on suspected black market centres are common. Flying squads move through Berlin's restaurants and stores, checking prices, and confiscating illegal goods.

The anti-black market system is called the "Office for Control of Trade." It has offices throughout Berlin, where the public may report violations.

Goods worth more than 1,000,000 marks are confiscated each month. The seized materials, vary from linen herring to bolts of woollen cloth.

Berlin's police chief has introduced forced labour for those caught operating illegally. They are usually put to work cleaning up Berlin's vast ruins.

That they had been injected with truth drugs, but this was never substantiated.

In August 1945 a Canadian soldier, Private Paxton, was cleared after truth-drug evidence of being absent without leave for 303 days at a court-martial in Thurley, Surrey.

There are several kinds—penicillin, hyoscine hydro-bromide, and sodium amylal. All produce a druggish effect, similar to the intoxication caused by about six tots of gin.

The patient experiences the condition known as "twilight sleep." He feels happy, and has an urge to talk. His determination not to give away his secrets is broken down, and he answers questions freely. Because of his sleepy state it is usually necessary to shout in his ear.

On waking he often remembers nothing of the questions. The condition can usually be produced for about an hour at a time. Some users claim that patients tell 10 per cent of the truth under the drug.

Court-martial use

In the famous Soviet trials of 1937, when most of the prisoners made detailed confessions, many believed



